



McORUM & DERN,

[INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING.]

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Select Poetry.

ANTI-STAY-AT-HOME SOCIETY.

MONDAY NIGHT.
Oh! love, I am so glad you're come,
The supper's almost cold;
But here's a nice warm bit for you,
I don't intend to scold.

"Now, my boys," said the old-keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitchforks they all assembled round the door in the cool of the evening, "now, my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book-learning or soldier-learning. I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country. But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat anything in all Virginia in the way of leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter, without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now, the one that jumps the farthest on a 'dead level,' shall marry Annette this very night."

stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye, measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, to which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.
"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that?" said one of the by-standers, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena.
"If you can leap beyond Henry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely-extended army.
That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtingly, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately, if she were ill.

Gough on Water.

The following is one of Gough's apostrophes to water. Its beauty, however, becomes more conspicuous when recited by the world renowned lecturer—
"Water! O, bright, beautiful water for me! Water! heaven-gifted, earth-blessing, flower-loving water! It was the drink of Adam in the purity of his Eden home; it mirrored back the beauty of Eve in her unblushing toilet; it wakens to life again the crushed and fading flower; it cools oh, how gratefully, the parched tongue of the invalid; it falls down to us in pleasant showers from its home with the glittering stars; it descends to us in feathery storms of snow; it smiles in glittering dew-drops at the glad birth of morning; it clusters in great tear-drops at night over the grave of those we love; its name is wreathed in strange, bright colors by the sunset cloud; its name is breathed by the dying soldier, far away on the torrid field of battle; it paints old forts and turrets from a gorgeous casel upon your winter windows; it clings upon the branches of trees in frost work of delicate beauty; it dwells in the icicles; it lives in the mountain glacier; it forms the vapory ground-work upon which God paints the rainbow; it gushes in pearly streams from the gentle hillside; it makes glad the sunny vales; it murmurs cheerful songs in the ear of the humble cottager; it answers back the smiles of happy children; it kisses the pure cheek of the water lily; it wanders like a vein of molten silver away, away to the distant sea. Oh, bright, beautiful, health-inspiring, heart-gladdening water. Everywhere around us dwell with their meek presence; twin angel sisters of all that is good and precious here; in the wild forest, on the glassy plain, slumbering in the bosom of the lonely mountain, sailing with wing-wings through the humming air, floating over us in curtains of more than regal splendor, home of the healing angel, when his wings bend to the woes of this fallen world.

PROSPECTUS OF THE ALTOONA TRIBUNE FOR 1858.

THE CASH SYSTEM ADOPTED!

The Cheapest Paper in the County!

With the present number, the Tribune has entered upon its third volume. (Commenced at a time when the confidence of the citizens of Altoona in newspapers and newspaper publishers was considerably shaken, if not totally annihilated, it has slowly but surely restored that confidence, and now stands upon a sure foundation, and is universally acknowledged to be one of the fixed institutions of our town. But this result has not been achieved without a hard struggle, and considerable expenditure of time and means on the part of its editors. The steady increase of patronage, however, has afforded indubitable evidence that their labors have been appreciated.

In entering upon the new volume it is almost unnecessary to say that the Tribune will continue to be "INDEPENDENT IN EVERYTHING," being biased neither by fear, favor nor affection, in favor of parties or sects. In this respect it is only necessary to say that the past affords a fair index as to our future course.

It has always been our aim to make the Tribune, a reliable first-class LOCAL PAPER, as we believe that in that character alone, country papers can successfully compete with their flashy city neighbors. To this end we have secured correspondents in various parts of the county, who furnish us with all the items of local interest in their vicinity. We purpose adding others to our list as soon as we can obtain them. During the next year we shall redouble our efforts to make the Tribune a perfect compendium of HOME NEWS—a RELIABLE, FIRST-CLASS LOCAL PAPER, second to none in the country, and as such a welcome weekly visitor to our patrons, whether at home or abroad.

But while the Local Department shall be our special care, we shall also devote a considerable space to LITERARY MATTER, FUN AND HUMOR, and the chronicling of events of general interest to our readers. We purpose also publishing from time to time "Original Sketches of Men and Things" which will be furnished by our contributors. We have made arrangements also to have a weekly letter from Philadelphia, and judging from the reputation of our correspondent sustains as a popular writer, these letters will be a rich treat to our readers.

As we are decidedly journalists of the progressive school, we have concluded to adopt the cash system in our business. The neglect of quite a number of our patrons to pay promptly, and the recalcitrancy of others, has compelled us to adopt this course. Time and experience has fully proved to our satisfaction that the credit system will not work with newspaper publishers. From this date no paper will be sent from this office, unless paid for in advance, and at the expiration of the time paid for, if not renewed, will be promptly stopped. This arrangement does no injustice to our patrons, while it will protect us from the impositions of soulless scoundrels, and enable us to devote more attention to our paper.

Recognizing the principle that contracts to be satisfactory should be fraught with mutual benefit to both parties, and as money in large amounts, in advance, is of more value to us than when received in dribbles, as an inducement to numbers who would otherwise discontinue, as well as to those who have never yet taken the paper, we offer it at the following low rates for the coming year:
1 copy, one year \$1.50
10 copies " (\$1.25 per copy) 12.50
20 " " (\$1.00 per copy) 20.00
and all above 20 at the same rate—\$1 per copy. The money must, in all cases, accompany the order.

By the above it will be seen that our paper is emphatically the cheapest in the county. As to its merits we leave it to the public to decide. We earnestly request our friends throughout the county to "give us a life," as we have no doubt each of them can readily obtain a club in their neighborhood.
CANVASERS WANTED.—Several energetic business men wanted to canvass the county for subscribers to the Tribune. A liberal per centage will be allowed.

TUESDAY NIGHT.
My love, my dearest love, you know
How happy I should be
If I could pass my leisure hours
In sweet converse with thee;
But there he staid you know we must
Obey stern duty's call,
And this night, dearest, just this one,
I must be at the hall.

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.
Dear Charles, it's been so dull to-day
Without you I confess;
Let's dance the waltz to the fire
And have a game of chess.

THURSDAY NIGHT.
Well, what shall we do to-night,
Read or attend the play?
Or have a little private talk,
The first for many a day!

FRIDAY NIGHT.
My love, just clasp this pin for me,
And, Charles, pray hand my shawl;
You know you promised me to-day
To take me to the ball.

SATURDAY NIGHT.
Here, take the baby, Charles! all day
He's lain upon my lap;
This evening you can watch him while
I take a little nap.

SUNDAY NIGHT.
Dear Charles, here are your cloak and hat,
And overshoes, all warm;
I hope you won't stay late to-night,
There's such a dreadful storm.

Select Miscellany.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

A TALE OF WASHINGTON AND HIS TIMES.
In one of the loveliest villages in old Virginia there lived in the year 185—, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy, among the young men of the village and neighborhood.
At length the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a haymaking frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the milk liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth of trial, cast a glance of anticipatory village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting-frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best-humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the sine qua non of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor.

The arena allotted for this hymenial contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology, twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.
"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden, he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet!" Dick, with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.
"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches. Well, done, Harry Preston!" shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Harry was a rattle-brain fellow; but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he were sure of winning.

"Charles Simms, fifteen feet and a half. Hurra for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd, good humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the list altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this," and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.
Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half," shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half—Harry Carroll forever; Annette and Harry!" Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.
When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on,

placed his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.
"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" shouted the judge. The shout was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.
Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.
"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand, "I have won you fairly."

Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.
"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I ought to be," added he, with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next to my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, "perhaps there is some favored youth among the crowd who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry; "we think you were the victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly you receive from my hand the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping for pure joy upon his shoulder. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred him at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.
In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Henry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of Gen. Washington and suit, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditional—whose claim to a substantial bona fide flesh and blood was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

The Old Negro's Logic.
A clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God. The following was his sage reply:
"Sir, I see one man get sick. The doctor comes and gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one. The doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no good; he gets worse; gives him more, but he gets worse all the time till he dies. Now, that man's time to die had come, and all the doctor's in the world couldn't cure. One year I work in the corn field, plow deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but muck. Next year I work the same way, the rain and dew comes and we must make a crop. I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did; the first time I ever saw it; the seven stars in Job's coffin keep in the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they run well for a while, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, moon and stars keep on the same way all the while. There is a power which makes one man die and another get well—that sends the rain and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African on the language of the psalmist:
"The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

MANNERS.—Manners, says Burke, are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, now and then; manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give the whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them.

A SINGULAR RESULT.—It has been stated in one of the prayer meetings in New York, that a club of profane Infidels, in Andover, Massachusetts, were recently discussing the subject of baptism, and using the bible to ascertain what it said about the matter. The result of their study to know what it taught on baptism, led six or seven of them to exercise faith in the Word of God, and in Christ, and now they are rejoicing in the Saviour.

Muggins says Job's turkey was fat, compared with an old gobbler he shot, last week, on the Devil's Fork. That was so light it lodged in the air, and he had to get a pole to knock it down!

SMALL BONNETS AND NEURALGIA.—The new spring bonnets, says a lounge of Broadway, continue worn on the oyster-shell pattern, small and rounded at the cheeks. Eminent medical men attribute the great increase among women, of neuralgia, tic doloureux, loss of sight, and great suffering in the ear, to this fashion of excessively small bonnets, which dress the neck instead of the head.

EDITORIAL CASUALTY.—A Pennsylvania editor says: "Somebody brought one bottle of sour water into our office, with a request to notice it as lemon beer. If Esau was green enough to sell his birth-right for a mess of pottage, it does not prove that we will tell a four shilling lie for five cents."

Spirit of '76.

When the news of the fall of Ft. Mifflin reached Exeter, John Langdon, who was speaker of the provincial legislature of New Hampshire, then in session, seeing the public credit exhausted and his compatriots discouraged, rose and said:
"I have a thousand dollars in hard money; and I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the State. If we succeed in defending our firesides and our homes I may be remunerated; if not the property will be of no value to me. Our old friend Stark, who so nobly defended the honor of our State at the battle of Bunker Hill, may safely be trusted with the conduct of the enterprise, and will check the progress of Burgoyne."

It is well known that from this noble offer, sprung that little gallant army of Sharks, that covered itself with glory at Bennington. Such are the deeds that make our history venerable and consecrate the revolution.

A gentleman of Norfolk, Va., had a fine negro, to whom he gave the privilege of hiring himself out, and keeping one-half the wages. A short time since, the negro came home to his master, to tell him that the man for whom he had been working, wished to buy him, and would give thirteen hundred dollars for him. "Well," said his master, "what of that? I don't wish to sell."

"But, you see, massa," said Sam, "I've had a cough some time, and 'spec I'm gwine into desumption. I don't 'spec I shall last more'n two or three years, and I like to take that man in!"